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“Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.”

—*Shakespeare*

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School

Vol. I.

APRIL, 1912

No. 4

A Strange Discovery



HE last rays of the setting sun were just fading from the western sky, when a weary traveler paused on the top of Third Hill Mountain to gaze down upon the little valley at his feet. It was a very narrow valley, and already the chill mists and darkness were rolling down from the mountain sides and soon all would be as dark as Egyptian night. It was a strange feeling to be thus all alone in the mountains of an unknown country, miles from civilization, with not a house in sight and the darkness already upon him; but there was no fear in the eyes of this young man who looked calmly out into the dusky shadows gathering around him.

He had just decided to camp out, had dismounted, and was leading his horse to a nearby tree, when, far down the mountain side, he saw a faint light. It was evidently the light of a lantern, for it was constantly moving farther away from him.

"Hello!" he called.

The light stopped immediately and a gruff voice answered, "Well?"

"I'm a stranger in these parts and have lost my way. Can you tell me where I can find shelter for the night?" shouted the young man, moving toward the light as he spoke.

"Guess me might give you a bunk," answered the mountaineer, and soon the two were walking down the mountain side to a little cabin at its foot. It was a bare little cabin consisting of only two rooms. The larger one of these served for a dining-room and kitchen combined, a fact which was

easily discovered from the rusty, half-broken stove in one corner and a table in the middle covered with a faded and torn red cloth. Under a small square hole in the wall, which served for a window, was a long, low box, which was soon to be covered with straw and offered to the stranger for his resting place. The back room was bare except for a wide bunk in one corner and a small box, holding a tin basin and pitcher, in the other.

John Douglass never forgot that night, not only because it showed a life and people so different from his own, but, also, because it was the beginning of a great change in his life.

The following morning, when he would have gone to the next town, which was about fifteen miles across another range of mountains, he found that his horse, in coming down the mountain, had twisted his ankle and was very lame. Of course it was out of the question to try to go on with his horse in that condition, so he was left to the hospitality of these people, who, though poor, could, he hoped, be very kind.

His days were spent wandering around and his nights in talking to his host and hostess of the great world from which he had come and of which they knew so little. As he told them of the big cities with their millions of people, of the powerful engines pulling their load of passengers and rushing from place to place, their eyes opened wide with wonder and they listened with breathless interest to his story.

One day he started out for a walk rather later than usual so that it was almost dark by the time he left the trail and turned into the little path leading to his present home. When he reached the door, he stopped in amazement. Everywhere there were signs of a wild evening. The table was lying on the floor, the chairs were upset, the old woman was sitting on a stool wringing her hands and sobbing, while on the bunk in the corner lay her husband in a drunken stupor and in the middle of the floor was half a dozen empty

whiskey bottles. John Douglass was perfectly astounded. The mountaineer had been with him only two hours before and, yet, here he was dead drunk. John knew that he could never have gone to the nearest town and back again in that time. "Could there," he thought—then gave a low whistle, for that was just it—there must be a "Blind Tiger" here in this valley. What was the valley he had read about just the other day that was suspected of sheltering one? He couldn't remember now, but he could see what he could find out from the old woman. She had not heard him come in, so that it was not until he had crossed the room and was standing at her side that she looked up and saw him.

"What is the matter?" he asked, seeing an agony of appeal in her old wrinkled face.

"Oh!" she cried, "I didn't think he'd do it all over agin after he most kill hisself onct." Then jumping up, she exclaimed angrily, "It's all Jack Brown's fault. He done it all. I hated him the first time I seen him and I ain't never agoin to stop neither."

"Who is Jack Brown?" asked Douglas.

"He's that scoundrel what's done all this," she answered, pointing around the room, "and ruint every home in the valley," she ended with a sob.

"What is the name of your valley?" asked John again.

"'Tis the Meadow Branch Valley," she said.

Then it all came to him in a flash. This was the very valley he had read of and five thousand dollars would be his if he should succeed in bringing to punishment the man who was doing this nefarious business. Also he remembered it was Jack Brown, who passed him every morning on his way down the mountain.

He planned to follow him the very next day and to find out, if possible, where he went. Early in the morning he started out and had gone about a mile from the cabin, when he saw Jack coming down the mountain, so he crouched behind a log until he had passed and then followed at a safe

distance. The leaves rustled under his feet until it seemed that the man in front must have heard him, but, no, apparently he had not, for he kept straight on without ever glancing around. John had followed him about a mile when they came to a very dense wood with trees so tall and thick that nothing could be seen but the sky above, the trees and the earth beneath. Here Jack followed an almost buried path until he came to a cleared space. Here, then thought Jack, concealed in this ideal place, was the distillery that by its products was working such havoc in these mountain homes.

He had now entered the clearing and there in the midst of it, he saw Jack Brown standing before a—grave! He stood stock still in astonishment. "Was this the end of it all?" he wondered. He was not one to give up easily, but he had felt so certain this morning of making a great discovery, and now—what had he found, anyway? Well! he might at least express his sympathy for the mourner, he thought, and walked quietly up and put his hand on Jack's shoulder. At his touch, the man began sobbing with great convulsive sobs.

"What is it, my friend?" asked John Douglas.

"'Tis my wife, sir," he answered, "she died only two weeks ago."

Just then John happened to look at the head of the grave and there, instead of a tombstone, was a stove-pipe, from which a faint curl of smoke was coming.

It must be pretty hot down there where she is," he said gravely, and slipped a pair of hand-cuffs on the pretended mourner.

"Who are you and what do you mean by doing this?" demanded Jack.

"I'm John Douglas of the Secret Service, and I arrest you in the name of the law," answered John.

Agness Stribling.

The Fatalism in "The Aeneid"



THE "Aeneid" owes its immortal fame, not to any happy accident, but to its elegance and charm of style and its pathos, purity, and nobility of feeling. In stateliness of measure, in suggestiveness and vividness, in original and well-drawn figures of speech, the "Aeneid," indeed, almost reaches perfection.

The two forces which prevail in this great epic are religion and fatalism, the latter predominating. The religious tendencies are preeminently fatalistic. It is true that a marked reverence for the gods is manifest throughout, numerous sacrifices to the different gods are made, and they are frequently invoked; but, still, behind the gods and beyond their power, is constantly seen the grim hand of Fate, silently but surely guiding every act and leading every event to its destined end. This fatalism, as seen in the "Aeneid," is generally a blind, impersonal force—a first cause. In nine places, however, we find it represented in the persons of the three sisters, the Parcae. These three Fates were supposed to have their abode near Pluto's throne. Clotho, the youngest, spun the thread of life, in which the bright and dark lines were intermingled. Lachesis, the second, twisted it and, under her fingers, it was now strong, now weak. Atropos, the third sister, armed with a huge pair of shears, remorselessly clipped the thread of human life.

Whether this fatalistic force be personal or impersonal, it is ever present, dominating and controlling every adventure. The Trojan prince is careful to appease the gods, is observant of every detail and formula of religion, is quick to catch the meaning of heaven from omens of words, from flight of birds, from entrails of victims; yet, in every instance, he reverently yields to the will of Fate, submissively saying "Sic volvere Parcas." Again we hear him saying:

"Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam auspiciis et sponte mea componere curas,"

neither Juno, nor Carthage, nor love, nor sword, nor fire, nor sea, nor the fears of his own companions can stop the course of Fate.

In the "Aeneid," the Fates, indeed, control the helm of necessity and what they impose man must abide. Thus, the "Aeneid" may fittingly be called "the epic of destiny," whose theme is the greatness of the destinies of the Roman Empire.

*"Tu regere imperio populos, Romanè, memento
Pacisque imponere morem,
Parecere subjectis et debellare superbos."*

—Cora Martin Rolfe, '12.

Spring



ROBIN is singing
In the apple tree,
Singing of spring
To you and to me.

The buttercups offer
Their gold to the sun,
And forget-me-nots nod
To the cool "Meadow Run."

The busy bees work
Through the golden hours,
Gathering honey
From smiling flowers.

The buds are bursting
On bushes and trees,
And green vines sway
In the gentle breeze.

At sunset the birds
Sing their evening prayer,
And stillness reigns
In the balmy air.

—*Mary Anderson Gilliam, '15.*

The Reward of Forgetting



ALL right, then, I'll meet you to-morrow at half-past three if I can go; but when a fellow is as hard up as I am, it's hard to tell what he can do a day ahead." Billy tried to speak cheerfully as he said this, parting from his crowd of friends, but if the truth be known, this same Billy was very much in despair at heart. Indeed, it was enough to make a boy of ten feel as if he were the most miserable person on earth.

This was the state of affairs. Billy Steele received an ample allowance for spending money, but since the baseball season opened, Billy had asked for money in advance for three weeks past, and his father had warned him the first of this week that he positively would not advance any more, that his son should be taught to make his allowance last from week to week. Uncle John, always ready to help Billy out of his many difficulties, had given him a quarter that morning for the baseball game next day, but it had been Billy's luck to lose it to-day.

Billy was exceedingly quiet during supper. He was worrying his poor little brains about his lost quarter. He asked only two questions during the meal.

"Father," he said, looking at him solemnly, with his large dark eyes, "if somebody loses something, and advertises for it, do they have to pay the person who finds it? Does he charge anything for bringing it back?"

"No, son," said Mr. Steele, "people usually offer the finder something, but he does not charge anything for bringing it back."

"Well, then, how much does it cost to advertise for something?" inquired Billy with aroused interest.

"Oh, about a quarter, I guess," replied his father.

"Ugh," Billy groaned unconsciously. "A whole quarter!" he sighed.

His mother and father and big sister smiled, but they asked Billy no questions.

After supper Mrs. Steele advised Billy to write his composition for Monday. "You know how tired you will be after the game to-morrow."

"But, Mother, I'm not going to the game to-morrow. I lost my quarter," Billy explained, trying to smile bravely.

Mrs. Steele drew him towards her and both sat down in a big leather chair, while Billy, with his head resting against her shoulder, told her his troubles. She arose, "Well, anyway, William, you had better write your composition to-night, for then you will have it through with. What is your subject, dear?"

"Improvements I have noticed in our city is what we have got to write about," he replied, idly kicking the fender with the toe of his shoe. If it were only what ought to be noticed in our city then I could write it."

"I am going in the library with your father, and you write your composition in here," she said, closing the door after her.

Billy seated himself at the desk and, reading as he wrote, he said, "This street has just been paved with pavement. I noticed a new building is being built on the corner." He was busy for some moments, but soon he fell to studying the blotting paper on the desk pad. He was talking to himself in a low undertone, "I write a word, blot it and, then, have to read it backwards on the blotting paper. I can read them easily with a mirror, I'll go get one."

Returning with a mirror, Billy found he could make out many words. "Sister," he asked, "what does a-d-o-r-a-b-l-e spell?"

"Adorable," she replied.

"And what does this spell?" he asked, spelling out another word not familiar to him. She spelt it. Billy chuckled. "Gee-whizz," he exclaimed.

"What are you doing, William?" she asked, looking up from her book.

"I don't know, reading something sounds like a love letter to me. It is your writing, isn't it?" Billy replied mischievously.

"Now what possessed you to do that," she looked at him strangely. "Billy," she said in a pleading tone, "you'll not tell anyone what you read. You'll be good and forget it, won't you?"

He looked at her steadily for a second, and then said slowly, "Why, yes, I'll forget it. When a fellow is as hard up as I am, he has more serious things to think of." He blinked solemnly, "Yes, lots more serious."

"Billy, would you like to go with Tom and me to-morrow afternoon. We are going out to the game in his car?"

"Would I? Well, you just bet I would," and giving one of his favorite war-whoops, he threw his arms about his sister's neck.

—*Nellie Seabury*, '13.

The Evolution of the Book



EVER since the creation of the world, since the remote times when prehistoric men wandered over the earth and lived his wild, savage life in the obscurity of primeval wilderness until the present day of the greatest civilization and refinement, man has ever striven to provide some means for the representation of his thoughts to his descendants,—to erect a monument to his memory. The best way that man, to-day, can provide for this is books, the records of time. However, years and years have been consumed in making these what they are to-day.

Primeval man knew nothing of books. How was he to keep his records? How was he to leave traces of his existence behind him? This question, like many others, did not baffle the ingenuity of ancient man. In the lands where he dwelt, he erected large piles of stones, which, through ages, bore testimony to the existence of prehistoric man. These signified to subsequent generations that man had lived and died here before he inherited the sphere which once was his possession.

The crection of piles of stones was a practice of the prehistoric age and, therefore, passed away with it. When the mist of the past began to lift, man began to employ other means for his representation. This new method was oral tradition, by means of which the chronicles of the times were transmitted from father to son, generation after generation, until, with the change of times, other means should be introduced.

When oral tradition ceased to be and verbal records became a thing of the past, writing took the place of the earlier forms. The earliest forms of writing were picture-writing and hieroglyphics. Well did these perform their work of preserving the memory of ancient times and men! The chiseling on the ancient monuments has been of inestimable value to the historians of to-day in bringing to light the hidden annals of the past. What would we at the present time

know of our predecessors of a bygone age, had they not taken the care to preserve for us these wonderful accounts of themselves and their lives?

These monuments, in their turn, began to be looked upon by the people of a new and advanced age as a very primitive method of representation. It was with this idea in mind that hand-writing was now introduced. Praise to the monks who toiled their lives away in their efforts to preserve the chronicles of the past! There, in the seclusion of their monasteries, they worked day after day, year after year, ever busy with the endless task of copying and writing, for which we are so deeply indebted to them. It was through them that the learning and literature, accumulated in centuries, together with the records of their own time, have been preserved and transmitted to the modern age.

The world is subject to change, and all worldly things are ever changing. Thus it was, that, with the growth and development of the intellect of mankind, not even writing was sufficient to supply the ever increasing wants and demands of man. Now, as had been the case many times before, it became necessary to provide some new means for satisfying the desires and requirements of a more advanced age. The final triumph came when printing was invented in the fifteenth century. To Guttenberg are we indebted for this great advancement in civilization. All the demands of man could now be supplied, for new books could be produced in an incredibly short time, and old ones could be multiplied in countless numbers.

Thus it is that, although countless millenniums have passed away since man was first placed on the earth, we have, to-day, the records and memorials of the past. Through time, the greatest modifier of the manners and customs of humanity, this great change from the most primitive to the most modern has been effected in the record-keeping of man. To what do we owe our thanks for our present condition? What is it that has elevated us from the obscurity of the past to the highest pedestal of civilization and culture? It is the influence of books.

—Francis Drewry, '14.

A Plea for the "Unit" System



ALL the large high schools in the northern part of the United States, and even many in the South, have the "unit" system and all seem to have found it successful. We, therefore, the pupils of P. H. S. ought to set an example to the smaller schools in the State in adopting this method.

As I have attended a high school where this system was in use, I hope a few words from my own experience will be pardoned.

The entire high school course consists of eighteen units or subjects of one year each. When a student completes four years of English, three years of history, three years of mathematics, two years of language, two years of science, and four elective subjects, thus making eighteen units, he is allowed to graduate whether he has taken three or six years to do it. If, however, he fail in a certain subject, he is not obliged to repeat the whole course, but has to make up before his graduation only the subject on which he failed. This gives a student courage, for although some subjects appear hard to him and he fails to pass them, still he is able to keep up with his class.

In case of sickness or some weakness, which very often is the cause of turning a pupil away from the educational path, this unit system again is of great advantage. Such a student may take only about two subjects during that year and, if he feels stronger and more fit for study the next year, he can make up his missed subjects and still keep on with his class.

Educators who are familiar with the unit system claim that it keeps in the school pupils who, otherwise, would drop out because of inability to carry a heavy set course per year, or for want of interest in some set subject wholly unneeded in their walk of life or chosen line; for this is the age of specialty.

It, also, has been claimed, that many boys are dropping out from the schools, not because they do not have sense enough to carry on their studies, but because they want practical education; and we know that our graduates are mostly girls. This has been recognized to such an extent by New York, Boston, and other large places, that manual and machine shops are being run by the high schools and units here count with mathematics and English to make a mechanical graduate of the same rank as one who takes his units in the languages and arts.

This cannot all be done at a bound, but we students might be allowed a little latitude in following our own bent. The faculty should always make the course. But might we not have the choice of certain "elective" units and might we not have the privilege of advancing in everything that we have made and of making up failures as the schedule may allow? This in itself would be an advantage for if the "flunked" subject is harder to one than to his class-mates, a year of advanced work in other subjects may give him just the maturity needed to grasp it and he might derive much more benefit from the subject the next year.

Then, why should we not have the system in a school like P. H. S., which ranks among the foremost in the State? Let us show the other high schools something new and better. Let them follow us, that we may not have to follow them, for many of the leading Virginia high schools have it already and in time it will be a State system. In conclusion, I say, "Let us grasp the opportunity offered us in adoption of the "unit" system and we shall see that we shall be just as successful as other schools."

—*G. A. Svetlik*, '13.

The Flinching of His Suspenders

A Playette in One Act.

Characters: HE, THE THIEF, THE COP.

SCENE I.

(Hi's bedroom at night).

He (*undressing*): Now will I proceed to disarrange the numerical order of my daily habiliments. Such is life, that one must evade the inquisitive orbs of this terrestrial sphere by enclosing their forms in clothes and draperies,—to help eradicate the loathsome impression that their corporal shapes would necessarily induce into the thinking apparatus of this vain world. And what is life? 'Tis but to live; to eat; yea, eat and live and, at the falling of shadows, seek slumber on a nocturnal couch, and gently let your lids fall to, and snore and snore; while some villainous thief dost avail himself of the opportunity to steal your valuables. (Proceeds to hang a pair of suspenders with the rest of his clothes and gets in bed.)

SCENE II.

(Same; He asleep; enters the Thief).

THIEF (*tip-toeing about the room*): So it is when this vain world takes to the couch, that night-birds prowl abroad and pierce the windows of the rich; take their look upon the forms of slumbering men—and all is well. (Looks at sleeper). So the millionaire shrinks in size when his daily toilet is disarranged; so he most appears like the canine that he is, when he growls in sleep. The grisly bear snores no more loudly in his den than the millionaire, asleep upon the couch of men. (His eyes fall upon the suspenders; he picks them up). So this is what supports his pants, that support his pocket, that supports his pocket-book, that supports his

family, himself, his all. What value can I steal in this one thing his supporter, and, since his wealth supports him, his wealth? So here it goes. (Starts out of window with suspenders). A pear of suspenders and I'm a millionaire. (He awakes and after a scuffle with Thief, masters him).

He: Mammon's curses be upon thee, thou infidellish rapscaillon. Per sidera testor that thou art, a cut-off, bow-legged, "paritoed," crook-nosed, unsophisticated block-head, thou vile rubbish of a hypocritical atheist!

THIEF: The very image of thyself. For since all male beings call themselves men, and all true men are alike, and I'm a male being, you curse me, you curse yourself.

Hi: Thou miserable quintessence of clay, thou undignified wretch without table manners, why didst thou flinch from me my only pair of suspenders? Didst thou deem thy villainous theft wouldst evade the precision of mine ever watchful eyes, thou low-down creature, who never attended Sunday School? Wretch! Thief! Villain! Thou art apprehended in the act! Reimburse me with mine own! Give me my suspenders!

ENTERS COP.

(Cop puts "bracelets" on Thief).

THIEF: Such is fate; I came for a fortune but got a Copper; I'h neither rich nor wealthy. I haven't got a copper; but a Copper's got me. Few are they who land in Sing Sing; fewer still wear bracelets like these. Now I must go and live and work, a server of my country under the stars and stripes. The courts serves the justice, justice serves the law; he serves his sentence, it serves him right, for who has served yet ne'er been served and in that serving serves his country behind prison bars, is served. True service is but the serving truly of that service.

COP: Come along here!

THIEF: Just one moment;—him that has gets. I have stolen; am stolen, for who steals, steals, and whoever deprives me of my freedom steals my liberty. So I am stolen, since life is liberty and liberty is self!

COP: Shut up! Come along!

THIEF: Why should I shut up? I shall be shut up, yet in that shutting up my life will not be closed. Still that's not true, for my life will be confined, and since confinement is close, it will be closed. So I shall live after my life is closed. Come, let's away amidst the walls, prison walls. I shall be in prison, yet still be free. For

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
When there's molasses and corn cake,
And on Sunday a funny page.

EXIT.

(With apologies to "Wilhelm"),

—B. Y. Jinks.

THE MISSILE

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Address Correspondence to Petersburg High School.

Petersburg, Va.

Editorial

Did Bacon write "Shakespeare?" It seems to us that all this discussion that has been, and is taking place as to who was the author of our best known books and plays, is useless. Even if the Baconians should prove their side of the question, what will they have accomplished by it? What is their aim? There is no doubt that the person who started such an argument, had he succeeded in convincing himself, would have turned about and taken the opposite side just for the sake of arguing. Enough, we have the wonderful writings, and their literary value is not likely to be increased or diminished by having Bacon's, instead of Shakespeare's, name signed to them. Still it is pleasing to an actor to know that the greatest writer of the drama was one of his profession; moreover, everyone wishes to know the truth.

Is it possible that the secret could have been kept so long? There is an old saying that "murder will out," and we

might safely add, whether it be literary murder or no. It is both probable and possible that this secret of the authorship of Shakespeare's works, if, indeed, there ever was such a secret, would have leaked out. Yet it has never been discovered, although Shakespeare, besides being intimately acquainted with such men as Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Marlowe, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Southampton, and Sir Walter Raleigh, had a wife. Still none of them suspected such a secret. Bacon, too, had a wife and family and friends, none of whom ever intimated in any way that such a secret existed. Could this have been possible? It is possible that no one would have told during Shakespeare's life; but, surely, the so claimed "fraud" would have been found out after his death. It is entirely improbable that out of so many who would necessarily have known the secret, there was not one who would not have thought it his or her duty to tell it to the world.

Again, it is very probable that Bacon would have claimed the authorship himself in order to secure as his own the fame which he justly deserved, had he written the works of Shakespeare. Would any man have willfully given up praise and rame to another? Is it natural?

Besides contending that Shakespeare could not have written his plays, because he lacked education enough, the Baconians claim that, because Shakespeare signed his name in several ways, he was a "barbarian." The fact that he signed his name in different ways proves nothing. It seems to have been customary at that time for men to spell their names in various ways; for it is known that Shakespeare was not the only prominent man of his times to write his name in many ways. As for his education,—Shakespesare, being thrown with actors, plays and stage life nearly all the early part of his life, and being an actor himself, was far more suited for

a playwright than Bacon. Environment certainly had a great effect upon Shakespeare.

There is one more question of great importance: Could Bacon have composed such verse as appears in some of Shakespeare's plays? Probably he could. We have nothing to prove he didn't. We are certain, however, that he did once compose some poetry—a number of translations of the Psalms—of which he was evidently very proud, for he dictated them to a very dear friend. Even a casual glance at these will be enough to show that Bacon was no poet. Could anyone other than a poet have written the plays of Shakespeare? The question is absurd. Bacon could not have written them. Shakespeare was, possibly, the only man of his times, so far as records show, that had all that was necessary to produce such plays. He was a genius. He alone could have written such plays. We are determined to hold this point of view until some person produces absolute proof that he did not, which we believe will never be.



Robert Butcher

Well, if a good beginning is any sign of a good ending, the Petersburg High School nine will have the most successful season for years. On the morning of March 30, Captain Pollard and his bunch of "huskies" journeyed to Emporia and defeated the Emporia nine with a score of 14 to 5. It was a walk-away from start to finish, except in the eighth inning.

Baxter did the twirling for the Petersburg High School, and he did it well, too. He was nearly invincible until the eighth inning when he weakened a bit and let his opponents get their first run. There was only one out and the bases were full, when "Rookie" Spooner was called in from left field to succeed Baxter. The Emporia boys, however, had gotten the hitting fever, and not even "Rookie," our new "southpaw," could stop them until five of their men had completed the circuit of the bases. This, though, was the only inning in which Emporia had a chance, and the game ended 14 to 5 in our favor.

Our team got about 20 hits in this game, no man getting less than two apiece. Pollard "swatted the pill" for two doubles and a triple. Now, isn't that batting? Kinsey at first showed a marked improvement both in the field and at the bat. He got two free passes and two singles out of five times up. Elliott, as usual, was right there with the goods, and Spooner was "hitting some" too. As we haven't space

to call over each player, we must close by saying the whole team played a crack-a-jack game of ball, and if they keep up that style, it will be a winning team.

The team that represented the High School in this game was as follows: S. Barksdale, Second Base; W. Kinsey, First Base; B. Andrews, Third Base; O. Pollard (Capt.), Short Stop; A. Elliot, Catcher; R. Young, Left Field; B. Potts, Center Field; M. Spooner, Right Field and Pitcher; E. Barksdale, Right Field; H. Baxter, Pitcher.

Exchange DepartmentBEATRICE M. COLEMAN, *Editor*

The exchange table is one of our great delights and we look forward to the arrival of our literary guests with pleasure. Unfortunately, this month quite a number of them are delayed in making their appearance.

"The Raquet"—Your paper is very neat and attractive. "The Wonders of Wireless Telegraphy" is exceedingly interesting and well written. Your departments are well-balanced.

"What's in a Name," a story, and "To Her," a poem, contained in this month's issue of "The Critic," reflect much care and thought in their preparation. On the whole this is a pleasing publication.

"The Record" is, as usual, very good. A few cuts would add to your magazine a great deal.

Several copies of "The Missile" have been forwarded the John Marshall High School. As yet they have not acknowledged us. Has our magazine found its way to their waste basket?

"The News" from St. Louis, Mo., was the first exchange to put in its appearance. It is one of our most interesting papers, and its "Literary Department" is excellent. We would suggest that you do not mix your jokes with your advertisements.

We acknowledge the following magazines: "The Flat Hat," "The Richmond College Messenger," "The Oracle," "The Monthly Chronicle," "The Randolph-Macon Monthly," and "The Cadet."

Alumni

Mr. Richard Myers, an old High School boy, is now an "ensign" on the "Delaware" with the Atlantic Squadron.

Mr. Leon Savage, a graduate of the Petersburg High School, is taking a course at Perdue University.

Mr. Jack Myers, who was prevented from being among the graduates of "1910" on account of sickness, is now living in Charlotte, N. C. He holds a responsible position in the Charlotte National Bank.

Mr. William Smith, of the class of "1909," has accepted a position in Panama. Look out for the completion of the "Canal" *soon*.

Miss Florence Clayton, who, after her graduation from the Petersburg High School, continued her studies at Farmville Normal School, now holds a responsible position at that institution.

Miss Lee Carter, of the class of "1910" is doing stenographic work in Norfolk.

Miss Elsie McCandlish is another of our graduates teaching in the Southern States. She has a good position in the public schools of Hartsville, S. C.

Among the graduates of the State Normal School at Farmville in June will be Misses Matty Lee Grigg and Emily Peebles, two former Petersburg High School girls.

Mr. Reuben Ragland, who had the distinction of being the only boy to graduate in the class of "1900," is now successfully practicing law in Jacksonville, Florida.

Dr. Junius Stephenson, who was formerly a student of this school, is assistant at the Neurology School, of New York City.

Mr. John Townes, who was among the graduates of '03, now holds a first lieutenancy in U. S. A. and is stationed at Fortress Monroe.

IN MEMORIAM

SARAH A. SHORT

Born May 12, 1895

Died March 21, 1912

School Notes

It seems that Samuel Johnson was not the only person who had the perplexing question asked him: "What would you do, sir, if you were locked up in a tower with a baby?"—but also the pupils of III A. Mr. Spooner said he would put it to sleep; Mr. Booth that he would stop up his ears.

Miss Pearle Mann of IV B had the trying misfortune to miss two pleasant days from school on account of sickness. We are glad to have her in her accustomed place again.

Take advice from Mr. Andrews of IV A, and "neither a borrower nor a 'loander' be."

Miss Field (attempting to pronounce Sthelenus)—"Sh,—st—"

Teacher—"S' is silent."

Miss Field (continuing her translation)—"S-is-silent invaded the city."

Mr. William Robinson of II B, after an illness of two weeks, has returned to his school work.

Miss H.—"Who was the heroine in Shakespeare's 'Merchant of Venice'?"

Mr. J.—"Antonio."

Our sympathy goes out to the children who work in the silk factories of Switzerland, for, according to a IV A translation, "these children become hunchback and blind, and are accustomed to die at an early hour."

Said Mr. Lints to Miss H——, with the air of much wisdom: "The hypothesis is the side opposite the right angle of a right triangle."

The classmates of Mr. Short IB2 are sorry to have the latter have the misfortune of measuring his length on the floor three times in one day. The seats seem to be incapable of supporting his ponderous weight of one hundred and three pounds.

Miss Myrtle Benson of II B, after having been absent for several days, has returned to school.

The following question was asked on a history test, not long ago: "Who was the first prime minister of England." Among the various answers given was "Napoleon Bonapart."

Miss Elizabeth Short of 1B1 was operated on for appendicitis at the Petersburg Hospital, about three weeks ago, and is now getting on nicely. We hope that she will soon be back with us.

During the past month a very interesting talk on birds of Virginia was given us by Miss Stuart. She urged us to take more interest in the birds of our State, to care for them in winter, and neither to kill them heedlessly nor to wear them in our hats. We hope that the pupils of this school will follow her advice, and will become members of the "Bird Clubs" of which she spoke.

On the 23rd of April a very enjoyable entertainment, celebrating Shakespeare's birthday, was given under the direction of Miss Rives and Miss Robertson. The following program was well rendered:

Song	School.
The Theatre in Shakespeare's Time.....	Mr. Wyatt.
Duet (violin)	Miss Bowman and Mr. Svetlik.
Cassius	Mr. Lints.
Some Flowers from Shakespeare.....	Miss Helen Couch.
Scene from Hamlet	Misses Talbot and Allgood.
"I Know a Bank" (song),	Misses Baxter, James and Perkins.

On account of the similarity in the German words for "handkerchief" and "tablecloth," Miss P.— of IV A, translated, "She waved a dainty tablecloth to him."

Miss Virginia Ridenour and Miss Francis Drewry, II B, received their "Golden" reports as usual.

Mr. W.—"How many sides has a triangle."

Mr. P. (promptly)—"Two,—inside and outside."

There must be something wrong with the English language, for if the IV B's pronounce "chough," "chow" and "cow," what would the A, B, C tots call "rough."

Miss T. (to a pupil of the III A German class).—When a German noun does not belong to the masculine gender, to what does it belong?"

Pupil:—"To the female."

Several weeks ago we had the exceptional pleasure of hearing a lecture by Dr. Tucker Graham, President of Hampden-Sidney College. His lecture, the topic of which was "Success," was thoroughly enjoyed by the school.

The pupils of II B are very sorry to lose Miss Mary Tucker, who has left school on account of her health.

It is too good that Miss Fields of IV A has dropped history, for we feel certain that she would not have said Edward III was king of England for eight hundred years.


Miss R.—"Mr. Patterson, what was the most important event during the reign of the Emperor Claudius?"

Mr. Patterson (promptly)—"The killing of him by his wife."

In the month of March a delightful celebration of the birthday of Father Ryan was given under the supervision of Miss Carey Myers. The program consisted of a sketch of the life of Father Ryan, a musical number and several verses from Father Ryan by the 7th Grade. The latter, especially, added much enjoyment to the program.

One of the most enjoyable features of our last school month was the celebration of Washington Irving's birthday. Much credit is due to Mr. Wolff for the excellent program which he arranged. First, a sketch of Irving's life was read; next, there was a piano solo by Miss Elizabeth Drewry, and then a reading from "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," by Miss Mary Sutherland. Next followed one of the rarest treats of our school session in the very instructive and highly entertaining address given by Mr. A. K. Davis, of the Southern Female College, on "Washington Irving, the Father of American Literature." Mr. Davis, in a most delightful way, made us acquainted with Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York. "Last but not least" were the two selections given by our "Glee Club" band, composed of seven boys. On the whole, the entertainment was delightful and was much enjoyed by all.

Friday, April the twelfth, was a great day with us. The Dinwiddie teachers visited many of our classes. The IV B. girls realized for the first time what it meant to be "seniors." They had ice-cream with the visitors while we poor "freshies" had to be satisfied with hearing these "seniors" tell how good the cream was. Never mind, we are going to be "seniors," too, some day!



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A Few Pointers

EVIDENTLY.

"You say that you were not overcharged?"

"No, but the cabby was."

OUR COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,

Where "Turkey Trots" accumulate and "Waltzes" decay.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

Smith—"A couple of months ago Mrs. Jones was looking real well. Now she has lost all her shape."

Brown (absentmindedly)—"Well, has she advertised for it?"

THE CAUSE.

Roosevelt's Assurance Policy was too much for the people.

NOT WHEN MOTHER IS AROUND.

Two little children were arguing about who should have first go in a game they were playing.

"I speak first," screamed Sally excitedly.

"Yes, my daughter," quietly remarked her father, glancing up from his paper, "except when your mother is around."

THE REASON.

"What does the quotation, 'All comes to those who wait,' mean?"

"Very probably to the fact that most hotel waiters die wealthy."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"Ma is flirting with the driver," exclaimed little Willie, rushing up to his father.

"Why, my son, what made you think so?" asked the father smiling.

"I heard Ma say to the butler, 'William, call that 'hansom' driver.'"

AS THE TRUST SHOULD SEE IT.

A bribe in time saves nine.

FROM A COMMERCIAL STANDPOINT.

Teacher—"What is the value of the 'Canterbury Tales?'"

Commercial Young American—"Twenty-five cents."

BAD OFF.

A New Yorker, after showing a friend the wharves of the city, asked him how he liked them.

"They are without a pier," replied the friend enthusiastically.

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